



ALBERT AND ELIZA.

A TALE.

[CONCLUDED.]

BLAKE's father, who was a nobleman, had been illicitly connected with a woman of family in a remote part of England, by whom he had two children, one son and a daughter. He afterwards married in London, but never had any other child by his wife except Blake, who, like the sons of noblemen in general, proved to be a wild youth. In making the fashionable tour of Europe, he became acquainted with a lady in Italy, whom he married. His father, indulgent to him in all things, sanctioned the marriage; but what was his astonishment when, on Blake's bringing home his lady, his father found it to be his own daughter, by the woman before mentioned, who had retired to Italy, where she died, leaving her two children, with all her property, which was considerable, to the care of a distant relation. This daughter, who was now the wife of Blake, was Miss Smith! To save the reputation of the family, their father projected sending them to America, until a separation could be legally obtained; he however died before this plan could be put in execution, and Blake came over to America with his kinsman, the Governor, as has been related; the Governor, however, knew nothing of the affair. Miss Smith soon followed, where they waited, under fictitious names, for the interference of some friends in England, to obtain a dissolution of the marriage, which had not yet been done. Miss Smith had not seen her brother since he was a youth, when he went to live with a friend at Paris. At parting they had exchanged miniature likenesses, solemnly engaging never to part with them till death. After Miss Smith's arrival at New-York, she resided with a relation of her mother, who knew nothing of her history. From the moment that Blake and she discovered their affinity, they broke of all connection; yet Miss Smith could never realize the brother in the lover; hence she had endeavored to frustrate his alliance with Eliza. She even acknowledged that she designedly pushed her from the barge, as has been mentioned, with an intent to drown her; for if she could consent to live in a state of separation, she could not submit to his connecting with another. By his persuasion, she had yielded to retire to Jersey; there she became acquainted with a gentleman who boarded at the house where she resided. One day, as they were walking together, a miniature fell from his bosom, which she immediately knew to be her own likeness.—Surprised and amazed, she desired to know how he came by it; he informed her that it once belonged to a friend, who was now no more, and who, shortly before his death, deposited it with him. Miss Smith then told him that this person could have been no other than her brother. This led to an explanation, by which it was found that Palmer, who fell in the duel with Blake, was the brother of Miss Smith, and the son of Blake's father! and the person who now had the miniature in his possession, was Palmer's second in that duel. Palmer had come over from France, and resided at New-York, under a feigned name.—Supposing his sister in Italy, he had no idea of her appearing in

New-York, in the person of Miss Smith. Palmer was so much altered from the miniature which she still had with her, that although she saw him frequently, she had not the least suggestion of his being her brother. On her discovering the melancholy circumstances of his death, she left her retreat in New-Jersey, and hastened to New-York, where she arrived about the time, that the clerical gentlemen were sent for, to consult upon the validity of the marriage between Eliza and Blake. She immediately took the resolution of proceeding to Long-Island, and laying the whole affair before the parties, and the clerical convocation; and although she thereby involved her own character, yet she should do a peculiar service to the innocent.—This Miss Smith gave as an ostensible reason, but her principal design was to prevent Blake's connection with Eliza.

At the close of this narration, the whole assembly was filled with amazement, and looked upon each other with astonishment. Blake shuddered with horror. He knew that Miss Smith had a brother, whom he had never seen, but he never had a suggestion that this brother was Palmer. His emotions became insupportable. He had unconsciously married his sister; unknowingly slain his brother, and was now totally disappointed in the only object of his future felicity. He hastily arose from his seat—distraction had seized upon his brain—he cast a wild despairing look around him, and rushed out at the door. In a few minutes the report of a pistol was heard in his chamber, the people ran up stairs; his door was locked; they burst it open; he lay dead upon the floor! The ball had pierced his temples, and he, probably, expired without a struggle. Thus died a man who it may, with propriety, be said, was innocently guilty of offences at which human nature revolts with terror, and who, perhaps, had never been conscious of a single act which is generally denominated criminal. He possessed a noble, brave, and generous spirit; but the evil torrent of life bore too heavily upon him, and he fell a victim to the wayward and irresistible decrees of fate.

Some time after this Albert and Eliza married; he had deposited the property which he had obtained in the English funds, which he now wrote for and received. They then took leave of the place where these scenes were transacted; they removed on to the main, a considerable distance up Connecticut River, where they settled in an unfrequented part of the country. Albert sent for his mother, who with tears of joy was received by her children, Albert and Eliza. There they passed their days, in as much happiness as this inconstant and dissatisfactory life will permit.—Their descendants were people of respectability, some of whom have held important offices under the government, others have been members of the legislature of Connecticut, and one of them has been honored with a seat in the American congress. The facts above related, have long been forgotten, except by the descendants of the family, or some persons to whom those descendants have related them.

Scrap.—Self-love is the greatest of flatterers.

SAGACITY IN A DOG.

[The following is from the London Monthly Magazine, and is an instance among many others of the integrity and usefulness of this quadruped. It may at this season, when wanton barbarity is in the uncontrolled exercise of its fell prerogative, possibly awaken some small sentiment of humanity for this injured animal.]

THOSE valleys, or glens, as they are called by the natives of Scotland, which intersect the Grampian mountains, are chiefly inhabited by shepherds. The pastures over which each flock is permitted to range, extend many miles in every direction. The shepherd never has a view of his whole flock at once, except when they are collected for the purpose of sale or shearing. His occupation is to make daily excursions to the different extremities of his pastures in succession; and to turn back by means of his dog, any stragglers that may be approaching the boundaries of his neighbors. In one of those excursions a shepherd happened to carry along with him one of his children, an infant about three years old. This is an usual practice among the Highlanders; who accustom their children from their earliest infancy to endure the rigors of the climate. After traversing his pastures for some time, attended by his dog, the shepherd found himself under the necessity of ascending a summit at some distance, to have a more extensive view of his range. As the ascent was too fatiguing for the child, he left him on a small plain at the bottom, with strict injunctions not to stir from it till his return. Scarcely, however, had he gained the summit, when the horizon was suddenly darkened by one of those impenetrable mists, which frequently descend so rapidly amidst these mountains as, in the space of a few minutes, almost turn day to night. The anxious father instantly hastened back to find his child: but owing to the unusual darkness and his own trepidation, he unfortunately misled his way in the descent. After a fruitless search of many hours amongst the dangerous morasses, cataracls, with which these mountains abound, he was at length overtaken by night. Still wandering on without knowing whither, he at length came to the verge of the mist; and by the light of the moon, discovered that he had reached the bottom of this valley, and was now within a short distance of his cottage. To renew the search that night was equally fruitless and dangerous. He was therefore obliged to return to his cottage, having lost both his child and his dog who had attended him faithfully for years. Next morning by day break, the shepherd, accompanied by a band of his neighbors, set out in search of his child; but after a day spent in fruitless fatigue, he was at last compelled by the approach of night to descend from the mountain. On returning to his cottage he found that the dog, which he had lost the day before, had been home, and on receiving a piece of cake had instantly gone off again. For several successive days the shepherd renewed the search for his child, and still on returning home at evening disappointed to his cottage, he found that the dog had been home, and, on receiving his usual allowance of cake, had instantly disappeared. Struck with this singular circumstance, he remained at home one day; and when the dog at

usual departed with his piece of cake, he resolved to follow him, and find out the cause of his strange procedure. The dog led the way to a cavern, at some distance from the spot where the shepherd had left his child. The banks of the cavern, almost joined at the top, yet separated by an abyss of immense depth, presented that appearance which often astonishes and appals the travellers that frequent the Grampian mountains; and indicates that these stupendous chasms were not the silent work of time, but the sudden effect of some violent convulsion of the earth. Down one of these rugged and almost perpendicular descents, the dog began, without hesitation, to make his way, and at last disappeared in a cave, the mouth of which was almost upon a level with the torrent. The shepherd with difficulty followed; but on entering the cave, what were his emotions, when he beheld his infant eating with much satisfaction the cake which the dog had just brought him; while the faithful animal stood, by eying his young charge with the utmost complaisance! From the situation in which the child was found, it appears that he had wandered to the brink of the precipice, and then either fallen or scrambled down till he reached the cave; which the dread of the torrent had afterwards prevented him from quitting. The dog by means of his teeth had traced him to the spot; and afterwards prevented him from starving, by giving up to him his own daily allowance. He appears never to have quitted the child by night or day, except when it was necessary to go for its food; and then he was always seen running at full speed to and from the cottage.

ON GAMING.

GAMING has of late become extremely fashionable, and many have nearly ruined themselves by attending too closely to the pernicious custom. Not long since a father being alarmed at the consequences that might arise from his eldest son being continually playing at cards addressed him as follows:—"My son, you amused yourself last night on ALL YOURS, but I am determined not to put up with such behavior any longer; for my part, I like as well as you to LAUGH and LAY DOWN, and am not averse to a DEAL of MATRIMONY, but I am afraid that your companions are all KNAVES, from the HIGHEST to the LOWEST, and you will find yourself mistaken if you think to make GAME of me. I know your TRICKS, and am sure you will forfeit your HONORS; you are digging your own grave with your own SPADES. If your pockets were full of DIAMONDS, you would lose them, and soon be within an ACRE of ruin; in short you deserve to be CLUBBED for having the HEART to treat me in this manner, therefore I think you had better be pretty WHIST, and you may rest assured that if I have occasion to FLUSH you again, I shall hope the DUKE will take me for allowing such unfair DEALINGS."

PRECIOUS ORTHOGRAPHY.

A Few years since, a gentleman riding through a country village in England, observed painted on the window of a small tipping house.

"MY WIFE QUERES A GOOSE,
"AND I QUERE THE GANDERS."

Being considerably perplexed to ascertain the precise meaning of the words, he alighted from his horse and entered the house, when he enquired the intention of the foregoing lines, and after much explanation, found that the information they wished to convey was as follows:

MY WIFE CURES AGUES,
AND I CURE THE JAUNDICE.

ANECDOTE.

LORD MOLESWORTH, who had been Ambassador to the court of Copenhagen, published on his return to England, an esteemed work, entitled, "Account of Denmark." This writer spoke of the arbitrary government of that kingdom, with that freedom which the liberty of England inspires. The King of Denmark then reigning, was offended at some reflections of the author, and ordered his Minister to complain of them to William III. King of England, "What would you have me do?" said William, "Sir," replied the Danish Minister, "if you had complained to the King, my master, of such an offence, he would have sent you the head of the author." "That is what I neither will nor can do," replied the King, "but if you desire it, the author shall put what you have told me into the second edition of his work."

REMARK. We always love those who admire us; but do not always love those whom we admire.

FOR THE NEW-YORK WEEKLY MUSEUM.

MISS L. CONSTANCE STREET.

SHE blooms unrival'd, fairer than the fair,
Virtue her guardian, and her sister Truth,
Graceful her actions, unassum'd her air,
Rich in the charms of innocence and youth.
Long time I gaz'd upon those lyren charms,
Fetters'd, and hgh'd, and loth'd and gaz'd again;
But ah! too late I fled from love's alarms,—
I am a prisoner, bound in Beauty's chain!
Contented still her prisoner I remain,
And DULCIA's sacred self my witness be,
That I those silver fetters will retain,
'Till the same hand that bound shall set me free.

AMATOR.

FOR THE NEW-YORK WEEKLY MUSEUM.

ELIZA.

Oh! what orient gem, what emerald green
Can vie with thee, thou all angelic queen;
What variegated pink or blushing rose,
Can half thy goddess-glowing charms disclose!
Could nature form one plant but half so fine,
The gods might sloop, and cry, "tis all divine!"
But here, kind Nature, will I grant thy due,
Thy pencil teach'd with richest, richest hue,
From proud Olympus' great and awful height,
On my ELIZA's cheek did'th deign to light,
And there the lily and the rose did'th paint,
The rose full blushing, and the lily fair.

Thy lovely self, my fair and faithful girl,
Who do'st to far surpass each glittering pearl,
To me more dear than India's diamonds bright,
Diamonds that sparkle in the sands by night:
The evening primrose sheds a favor sweet,—
Thy breath with sweeter odor's most replete.
The blush of morn with mellow tints diffus'd,
To view thy cheeks with rosy bloom diffus'd,
With jealousy might own thyself the pride
Of all that shines in this terrestrial tide.—
But where conclude this never-dying strain!
To cease were but to resume again:
Long can my muse dwell on thee, smiling fair,
Mark thy bright eyes, and tell thy flowing hair.
Oh! were my organs of immortal make,
My pencil dip't in some celestial lake;
Or would the muses grant a golden lyre,
To wake the heart with love's pathetic fire;
Or, were a Milton's brighter genius mine,
How should my sublimated numbers shine!
I'd wake the finer feelings of thy heart,
Feelings that ne'er were touch'd by human art;
Each gentle pulse I'd modulate anew,
And feed love's passion as it stronger grew.—
Thou'd'st own my flow exquisitely fine,
And each smooth number should be granted thine;
The lark's sweet notes should not outvie my strain;
Bright Fancy then should lead her happy train.
So should each fairy-footed moment glide,
Each purer thought on purer ether ride.—
True love should act, and reason be its guide.

GILBERTUS.

THE DYING SAILOR.

HOW drear the scene!—what gloomy forms arise
O'er the wide bosom of the briny deep;
What murmuring horrors skim along the skies,
And hollow sounds across the ocean sweep!
Full to the view, behold the shivering tar
Grap the rude helm, his floating bark to guide;
While the dead billows waft his hopes afar
From those dear scenes which o'er his memory glide.
With deep despair he views the trackless main;
But still a ray of hope dwells in his breast;
Still, still his ANNA welcomes him again,
In her dear arms his sea-spent toils are blest.
But ah! vain hopes—another rising wave
Hurls the frail vessel on some unknown shoal;—
Thus the fond lover meets his watery grave,
While ANNA's name flits with his parting soul.

Ah! ANNA, dear! your faithful sailor dies;
Soon will his spirit hail his native skies.

ORIGIN OF THE NAMES OF THE MONTHS OF THE YEAR AND DAYS OF THE WEEK.

THE Romans began their year with the month of March, which was so called because it was dedicated to Mars, the god of war. April took its name from Aphrodite, or Venus; May, from the goddess of Maia; the mother of Mercury; June, from Juno, the goddess of youth; July, from Julius Cæsar, and August from Augustus Cæsar. September, October, November and December, derive their names from Latin words, which express the numbers 7, 8, 9 and 10; because those four months stood in that numerical order in the Roman Calendar. The month of January was so called, because it was dedicated to Janus, to whose honor the Romans built a temple, the doors of which were open in time of war, but shut in a time of universal peace. February was so called from Febrinus, a name of the infernal god, Pluto; forasmuch as twelve days in this month were annually spent in sacrifices to Pluto, in behalf of the ghosts of the dead.

The names of the days of the week were also derived from a similar source. Sunday was so called, because it was dedicated to the Sun; Monday was so called, because it was dedicated to the goddess Diana, or the moon. Tuesday according to Johnsen, is derived from Týr, the Saxon name of Mars. Wednesday is derived from Wodin, or Odin, who was worshipped in ancient Denmark. Thursday is derived from the word Thor, which was the Saxon name of Jupiter, or Jove. Friday is derived from the Saxon word Friggdag, which is supposed to have been the Venus of the ancient Saxons. Saturday has taken its name from Sæter, a Saxon idol.

By reason of the derivation of the names of the months of the year and days of the week from heathen gods and goddesses, the people called Friends, or Quakers, have a conscientious objection against using these names.

[Balance.

NEWEST LONDON FASHIONS.

SMALL coronets of silver foil for the head, or wreaths of laurel, with a branch of wheat. Very large giply hats, made of a species of yellow canvas, or something resembling stiff cargo, they are bound and ornamented with ribbon.

Short pelisses of blue silk or lilac net for walking, or a scarf of muslin with large silver spots.

A short petticoat of silver spotted muslin, a body of silver tissue, made tight to the form, and a loose vest of spangled white crape thrown over it; laced sandals, and the hair a la Cleopatra, braided with pearls.

Half handkerchiefs of blue crape, with an embroidered border of roses, for a morning head dress.

Muslin dresses, with an alternate stripe of lace and muslin in an oblique direction—a costly but beautiful dress.

Socks with silver clocks are coming into vogue.

SCRAPS FROM HISTORY.

WHEN the Duc de Montmorenci, after the fatal battle of Cassenandari, was brought, wounded in many places, to be examined before the Parliament of Thoulboute, he asked the officer who had taken him prisoner, How he could identify his person? "Alas! my lord (replied he with tears in his eyes) the flames and the smoke with which you were covered, prevented me at first from distinguishing you; but when I saw in the heat of the engagement a person who, after having broken fix of our ranks, was still killing some of our soldiers in the seventh, I thought that he could be no other than M. de Montmorenci: I did not, indeed, certainly know that he was the person, till I saw him lying upon the ground with his horse dead upon him."

CHARLES the Fifth had taken great pains to make his subjects hold the same opinions in religious matters as he professed to do. To effect this he fought many battles, ruined many countries, and destroyed many persons. He was not convinced of the futility of his attempt, till a short time before he died. He retired to the convent of St. Just, in Estremadura, where he amused himself with studying the mechanism of clocks and watches. "Alas!" said he, "I can never get two watches to go exactly together; and how could I pretend to set the minds of mankind precisely to my own!"

PHILIP, Duke of Burgundy, gave the following advice to a young nobleman, who was setting out upon his travels: "Of great men speak neither well nor ill; for if you speak well of them, in all probability 'tis untrue, and if you speak ill of them, you are in danger from their resentment."

SONNET TO INTEGRITY.

O NYMPH of dauntless brow, and look serene,
Of honest thought, and actions void of blame,
Who never knew the burning blush of shame
So oft upon the cheeks of falshood seen
In red confusion suddenly to glow;
Teach me along this thorny vale of life,
With guarded step and steady aim to go;
That, when I reach the destin'd goal of life,
I may look back without a bosom-thorn;
And, as the dim perspective of the past
On dying Memory's optics gently fades,
When bright futurity, in prospect vast,
Opens to our view—O guide me to those shades,
Where sorrow ne'er the feast of bliss invades.

ANECDOTE.

Notwithstanding Lord Rochester was the most debauched and imprudent nobleman of his time, and though he had even exhibited as a mountebank on Tower-hill, yet he had not confidence enough to speak in the House of Peers. One day, making an attempt, he gave a true picture of this miserable honte—"My Lords and Gentlemen, I rise this time—My Lords and Gentlemen, I mean to divide this discourse into four branches—My Lords and Gentlemen, if ever I attempt to branch in this house again, I'll give you leave to cut me off root and branch for ever." And he sat down.

SATURDAY, AUGUST 21, 1802.

IMPORTANT.

We learn from Capt. Bool, of the ship Protector, who arrived here on Wednesday in 35 days from Cadiz that just before he sailed, he saw a letter from Mr. Simpson American Consul at Tangiers, who was then at Gibraltar, having been driven out of the Emperor of Morocco's dominions; also, an official circular note from Mr. Kirkpatrick, stating, that on the 17th of June, two American vessels, (the brig Rose, and Franklin, both belonging to Philadelphia) had been captured in the Mediterranean, off Cape Palace, by the Tripolitan cruizers. This information was officially communicated by Mr. Kirkpatrick, to Mr. Terry, the American Vice Consul at Cadiz. In consequence of the abrupt treatment which Mr. Simpson received, Commodore Morris, of the United States frigate Chesapeake, proceeded to Tangiers, which place he judiciously blockaded. This measure had a happy effect; for the Emperor soon recalled Mr. Simpson, and he was actually carried back to Tangiers in the frigate Chesapeake, where he was informed, that he might remain in the Emperor's dominions for six months longer, or till advices should be received from the United States.

Another letter from Mr. O'Brien, American Consul at Algiers, mentions, that he saw an American vessel in possession of a Tripolitan corsair, passing the port of Algiers.

It is the general belief at Cadiz, that it will not be more than eight months, before there will be an open hostility on the part of all the Barbary powers against the United States. The Emperor of Morocco wants money of us, and if he does not get it, he is determined to capture our merchantmen, and enslave their crews. May they soon receive tribute from the United States, through the muzzies of our cannon.

In consequence of the hostile disposition of the Barbary powers, Capt. Bool armed his ship at Cadiz for the protection of any vessels which might embrace the opportunity of sailing under his convoy. On his arrival here he fired a salute.

By the ship Sterling, Capt. Toby, arrived at Newport, from Gibraltar, from whence she sailed the 2d ult. the following information is received, which is corroborative of all that we have said on the subject.

On the 24th June arrived at Gibraltar, from Tangiers, Mr. Simpson, Consul of the United States, having been ordered to depart from thence at only one hour's notice. This order was in consequence of not complying with a demand of the Emperor of Morocco, to grant convey for several of his vessels, laden with wheat, bound to Tripoli, and the release and convey of the Tripolitan ship, then at Gibraltar, to pass unimpeded with her crew. The danger, by the Consul and commodore Morris was considered to great in passing the Straits by the gun-boats, that the latter with the frigate Chesapeake, came out with only three ships, there being an order from the Emperor to fit his armed vessels immediately against the Americans.

[Daily Gazette,

In consequence of recent intelligence, the President has ordered the frigate New-York to be immediately prepared for sea, and to proceed to the Mediterranean on a cruise. Capt. James Barron is appointed to the command. The General Greene, which was to have sailed in the early part of the month, will follow in a few weeks (with cannon and other presents to the Emperor of Morocco) but not with her full complement of men or guns.

From the latest information, it is apprehended that both the Emp. of Morocco and Dey of Algiers, have declared war against the United States. It is, therefore, thought necessary to delay the departure of the General Greene, and send the New-York to protect our commerce.

[Wash. paper.

Cap. Hipkins, 12 days from Tortola, arrived at Norfolk, informs, that the day before he sailed, the Island of Tortola was declared a free port.

Capt Davis, arrived at the same place, in 11 days from Cape Francois, brings a confirmation of a former report, that about the 20th July, every white inhabitant of the Island of Tortuga, were murdered by the negroes. The moment the information was received at the Cape, two frigates full of troops were dispatched from that place to quell the insurrection.

A large number of troops which came out from France, under command of Gen. Macdonald, were landed at the Cape, and the balance had sailed for other ports in the island.

Arrived at Baltimore, Brig Phillip, Capt. Dove, 19 days from Gaudaloupe. The day before captain Dove sailed from Point Peire, an order arrived from the captain-general Richemont, at Basseterre, for a loan from the merchants of Point Peire, of one million of livres of Tortois. This was likely to cause much disturbance, as the merchants, after a meeting, had determined not to pay it—the general at Point Peire threatened, in case of refusal, to arrest the principal merchants and send them to Basseterre. The result is uncertain.

A person from the country, who, on Wednesday, last week, under the fictitious name of DURNELL, had sold counterfeit tobacco notes to a considerable amount, to a merchant of Baltimore, was on Friday apprehended, and taken before a magistrate. Whilst there, and waiting for a witness who had been summoned, he seized the opportunity to put his head unobserved out at a window, and attempt to cut his throat with a penknife. His situation was luckily discovered in time to prevent the accomplishment of his desperate purpose, though not before he had given himself a ghastly wound. Medical aid was called, and the incision sown up, when the man was committed to jail.

[Baltimore pap.

On the 15th of June, about five minutes before eleven P. M. a shock of an earthquake was felt at Fort Royal, in the Island of Martinique; and on the 16th, about ten minutes before nine A. M. there was another most violent shock, which lasted two minutes—several stone walls were levelled to the ground, one or two men were killed and several badly wounded—a ship of war several leagues from the land, felt it severely; the shipping in the harbor sustained no injury.

[Savannah paper.

Fifty-four deaths have been reported to the city clerk for the week ending on the 15th inst, viz. of consumption 8, cholera morbus 2, scarlet fever 2, nervous fever 1, laid to have been of typhus fever 1, intermitting fever 1, relax 8, teething 2, dysentery 3, vomica 1, accident 1, old age 1, cold 1, inflammation of the lungs 2, remission of scarlet fever 1, burned 1, worms 1, spine 1, fits 1, dropsy 1, suicide 1, and 12 of diseases not mentioned. Of the whole number, 11 were adults, 33 children, and 10 not designated.

On Sunday last, Mr. JAMES DORAN, a native of Ireland, on his passage from Norwalk to this city, in the sloop Susan, was knocked overboard by the boom in Hell-Gate, and notwithstanding every exertion was made for his assistance he was unfortunately drowned.

JUST PUBLISHED,

And for sale by JOHN HARRISON, No. 3, Peck-Slip,

Father and Daughter,
A TALE.

COURT OF HYMEN.

LINES checked path with blooms and briars spread;
The thorn oft bids us from the sole refrain;
Thrice blest! who as this mingled way they tread,
Enjoy the rose, but do not feel the pain.

MARRIED.

At Shepher-Island, (Suffolk County) Mr OLIVER FOWLER, to Miss DESIRE HAYES.
At Hudson, Mr ISAIAH GRAY, to Miss WAITTIE BUTLER.

On Sunday the 8th inst. at New-Rochelle, by the Rev. Mr BARTOW, Mr JOSEPH DEVEAU, to Miss JANE SEACROFT, daughter of Mr Benjamin Seacroft, all of that place.
Sime evening, by the Rev. Bishop Moore, Mr WASHINGTON OLIVER, to Miss SARAH YOUNG, both of this city.

The Rev. Mr STEPHEN BARKER, to Miss SARAH OAKLEY, both of the White Plains.

On Saturday last, at New Cornwall, (Orange County) Capt. ISAAC TORIAS, of that place, to Miss LETITIA LATTING, of Oyster-Bay, (L. I.)

On Sunday evening last, at Newark, by the Rev. Bishop Ogden, Mr JESSE BOULES, jun. of Connecticut, to Miss MARY BAKER, of Newark.

DIED.

On Friday, last week, at Harlem, Mrs CATHARINE NUTTER, wife of Valentine Nutter, Esq. of that place.

On Sunday morning last, after a painful illness, Mr. MATHEW ROTHERY, a native of England, A. 49 years.

On Monday last, in the 83th year of his age, Mr. PETER CLOPPER, a worthy and respectable citizen.

On Tuesday morning last, Captain CHRISTOPHER MILLER, aged 65 years.

TO CORRESPONDENTS.

The POEM on the Day of Judgment, signed B. is too lengthy for our paper, and better calculated for a theological publication. History of PEROUQU, or the Bellows Mender, an original translation from the French, shall be inserted in our next; at which time, the Versification of part of the Song of Solomon, by Thompson, the Enigmatical List of American Poets, and several other favors from our attentive friends shall have a place.

Novels,

Sold at J. Harrison's Book Store, No. 3 Peck-Slip.

THE MONK.

A Romance—By M. G. LEWIS, Esq.

THE ABBESS.

A Romance—by W. H. Ireland.

JULIA, and the ILLUMINATED BARON,
A NOVEL.

THE BEGGAR GIRL,

AND HER BENEFACTORS.

By Mrs. Bennet.

CHARLOTTE TEMPLE:

A Tale of Truth—By Mrs. ROWSON;

MONIMA.

OR THE BEGGAR GIRL:

An Original Novel, in one vol: founded on fact

VICAR OF LANSLOWNE,

A TALE,

By REGINA M. ROCHE.

TALE OF THE TIMES,

By the author of "A Gossip's Story."

EDGAR HUNTLY.

Or, Memoirs of a Sleep-Walker.

CHILDREN OF THE ABBEY.

By REGINA M. ROCHE.

SPIRIT OF THE CASTLE,

A Romance.

MAID OF THE HAMLET,

By REGINA M. ROCHE.

COURT OF APOLLO.

VERSIFICATION

OF THE FIRST SONG OF SOLOMON,

"Let him kiss me with the kisses of his mouth, for his love is sweeter than wine," &c.

O! CLASP me in thy close embrace,
And press those balmy lips to mine!
Thy love dear youth of matchless grace,
Thy love is sweeter far than wine!

Though o'er my slender form the sun
Has all his fiercest radiance thrown,
What youth my proffer'd love would shun,
What maid my beauty will not own?

Tell me, beloved of my soul,
Where thou thy gentle flocks dost feed?
Where rest'st at noon?—not let me stroll
To those that thy companions lead.

More sweet than myrrh, when zephyrs spread
Its perfumes, as they wafton fly;
O! quickly come! and let thy head
All night upon my bosom lie.

What youth shall e'er to thee compare?
Whose charms shall vie with thine, my love?
Thy skin excels the lily fair,
Thine eyes the mildness of the dove.

O! come, then! come, in all thy charms,
By thousand softest wishes led;
O! come! and clasp me in thy arms,
Where green and mossy is our bed.

[Faint Folio]

SCOTS SONG.

By the celebrated ROBERT BURNS.

WHAT tho' on hamely fast we dine,
Wear hodden grey, and a' that;
Gie fools their silk, and knaves their wine,
A man's a man, for a' that;
For a' that, and a' that,
Their tinsel shew, and a' that,
An honest man, tho' ne'er see poor,
Is chief of men, for a' that.

Ye see yon birkie, ca'd a lord,
Who struts, and flares, and a' that;
Tho' hundreds worship at his word,
He's but a cuif, for a' that--
For a' that, and a' that,
His ribband, bat, and a' that,
A man of independent mind
Can look and laugh at a' that.

The King can make a belted Knight,
A Marquis, Duke, and a' that;
An honest man's aboon his might,
Guid fath, he munna fa' that--
For a' that, and a' that,
His dignities, and a' that,
The pith of sense, and pride of worth,
Are grander far than a' that.

Then let us pray, that come it may,
And come it will for a' that,
When sense and worth, o'er a' the earth,
Shall bear the gree, and a' that--
And a' that, and a' that,
It's coming yet, for a' that,
And man and man, o'er a' the earth,
Shall brothers be, and a' that.

ANECDOTES.

A Gentleman had lately occasion to call on an acquaintance, and enquiring of an Irish servant if his master was at home, was answered in the negative. "When will he return?" asked the gentleman. "Faith, (said Paddy) when my master gives orders to say that he is not at home, it is impossible to say when he will return."

A Private in a volunteer corps, being lately reprimanded for irregular firing, replied, it was not his fault, but the fault of the rest who did not fire along with him.

A Certain lady of quality spoke to her butler to be very saving of a barrel of small beer, and asked him how it could be best preserved. The butler replied, "By placing a barrel of good ale by it."

MORALIST.

THE tempest of the soul, like that of the elements, can endure but for a season. Time smoothes the furrows of misfortune: for hope, directed of a darling object, like a bird deprived of one friendly spray, flies to another; and looks forward to new sources of enjoyment. Happy temperament of human nature! that, like the yielding flock, bends to the rough blast of misfortune, and again resumes its wonted station, prepared for new incidents, to complete the varied chequered scene. So true are the words of inspiration, "Sorrow may continue for a night, but joy cometh in the morning."

Gardner's Genuine Beautifying Lotion

Is acknowledged by many of the most eminent of the faculty to be infinitely superior to any other Lotion that ever has been used, for smoothing and brightening the Skin, giving animation to beauty, and taking off the appearance of old age and decay. It is particularly recommended as an excellent restorative for removing and entirely eradicating the destructive effects of Rouge, Carmine &c. Those who through inadvertency make too free use of those artificial brighteners of the bloom, will experience the most happy effects from using GARDNER'S LOTION, as it will restore the skin to its pristine beauty, and even increase its lustre. It expeditiously and effectually clears the skin from every description of blotches, pimples, ringworms, tetters and prickly heat. A continued series of the most satisfactory experience has fully proved its super-excellent powers in removing freckles, tan, sun-burns, redness of the neck and arms, &c. and restoring the skin to its wonted purity. In short, it is the only cosmetic a lady can use at her toilette with ease and safety, or that a gentleman can have recourse to, when shaving has become a troublesome operation, by reason of eruptive humors on the face.

Prepared and sold only by William Gardner, perfumer, Newark, and by appointment at Dr. Clark's Medicinal Store, No. 159 Broadway, and at Mr. John Cancho's Jewellery Store, No. 196 do. also at Mr. J. Hopkins's, No. 63 South Third Street, Philadelphia.

Price—pint 1 dollar 25 cents—half pints 75 cents. May 2d, 28.

TRAVELS per FORCE.

In a handsomely printed 12mo.

PUBLISHED THIS DAY, BY H. CARITAT,

And for sale at his Book Store, City Hotel, Broadway, price One Dollar nearly bound, and 75 cts. in paper, N.B.

The Most Remarkable Year in the Life of AUGUSTUS VON KOTZEBUE. Containing an Account of his Exile into Siberia, and of the other extraordinary and wonderful events which happened to him in Russia—Written by himself.—Translated from the German by the Rev. Benj. Barresford, English Lecturer to the Queen of Prussia.

This well known writer had it seems, incurred the jealous suspicions of the late Emperor Paul; and although he had obtained passports with the usual formalities, allowing him to spend a few months in Russia, the very moment of his entering the Russian territories, he was seized, separated from his wife and children, and hurried to Siberia. He had not, however, long remained in these parts, before the same caprice, which marked in every instance the character of Paul, sent for him to Petersburg, employed him in his service, and loaded him with favors.

The volume is written with peculiar vivacity, and excites the warmest interest. Among other facts disclosed in the work is the remarkable one of the Emperor writing the Challenge to the Sovereigns of Europe which excited the astonishment and laughter of the world. Aug 7.

TICE'S

Much improved and celebrated Water Proof SHINING LIQUID BLACKING.

For Boots and Shoes, and all Leather that requires to be kept black is the best preservative and the greatest beautifier of Leather ever offered to the public. It never corrodes nor cracks the Leather, but renders it soft and smooth, and never soils. Black Morocco that has lost its lustre, is restored equal to new by the use of this blacking. For sale, wholesale and retail, (at the prices of the manufacturer, who has removed to Virginia) in bottles, with printed directions for use, with J. Tice's signature, as none else are genuine, by G. CAMP, No. 143 Pearl-street. June 12

For the Use the Fair Sex.

THE GENUINE FRENCH ALMOND PASTE.

Superior to any thing in the world, for cleaning, whitening and softening the skin, remarkably good for chapped hands, to which it gives a most exquisite delicacy—this article is so well known it requires no further comment.

Imported and sold by F. DUBOIS, perfumer, No. 81 William-street, New-York.

Likewise to be had at his Perfumery Store, a complete assortment of every article in his line, such as, Pomatums of all sorts, common and scented Hair Powder, a variety of the best Soaps and Wash Balls, Essences and Scented Waters, Rouge and Rouge Tablets, Pearl and Face Powder, Almond Powder, Cold Cream, Cream of Naples, Lotion, Milk of Roses, Astringent Balsam for the Hair, Grecian Oil, Greenough Tincture for the Teeth, Artificial Flowers and Wreaths, Plumes and Feathers, Silk and Kid Gloves, Violet and Vanilla Segars, Ladies Work Boxes, Wigs and Frizzles, Perfume Cabinets, Razors and Razor Strops of the best kind, handsome Dressing Cases for Ladies and Gentlemen complete, Tortoise shell and Ivory Combs, Swansdown and Silk Puffs, Pinching and Curling Irons, &c. June 26 13 3 n

HUMORS ON THE FACE AND SKIN,

Particularly Pimples, Boitches, Tetters, Ringworms, Tan Freckles, Sun-burns, Shingles, Redness of the Nose Neck or Arms, and Prickly Heat, are effectually cured by the application of

DOCTOR CHURCH'S GENUINE VEGETABLE LOTION.

This excellent remedy has been administered by the inventor, for several years while in England with the greatest success. By the simple application of this fluid for a short time, it will remove the most rancorous and alarming scurvy in the face, which has foisted every other remedy. It possesses all the good qualities of the most celebrated cosmetics, without any of their doubtful effects. It is therefore recommended with confidence to every person so afflicted, as an efficacious and certain cure.

This Lotion is prepared (only) at Church's Dispensary, No. 137 Front-Street, near the Fly-Market, N. Y. Bottles, containing half pints, sold at 75 Cents, and pints one Dollar 25 Cents. July 24

ACADEMY.

The subscriber, fully sensible of the favor hitherto shewn him by his employers, which demands his grateful acknowledgements and thanks, wishes to inform them and the public in general, that his Academy at No. 1 Fishers-street will still be continued upon the usual plan, under his superintendancy. And that he has taken into company Mr. Aaron Gardner, a young gentleman educated at Providence College, whose morals and literary qualifications, from experience, appear every way adequate; and purpose opening an Academy at No. 260 William-street, a few doors from Pearl-street, on the first day of September next, for the purpose of teaching the various branches of English Literature, and the Latin and Greek Languages.

The Subscriber also wishes to inform that he teaches the Art of Penmanship upon a late systemised plan, whereby any person may acquire the art of writing a complete hand, large and small, in three months practice. The strictest attention will be paid to the morals and civil deportment of the pupils, avoiding those awkward and drawing habits too often indulged in common schools, and hope by assiduous endeavors to render general satisfaction.

The subscriber having been employed in the business of teaching for upwards of twelve years with unabated success, flatters himself that he will still merit a degree of public patronage. The prices for tuition are as follows, viz.

Per quarter for spelling and reading, 3 dollars; writing 4 do. arithmetic, English grammar and art of speaking 5 do. Book keeping, surveying, navigation, geography, geometry and trigonometry 8 do. Latin and Greek languages 10 do. W. D. LEZELL.

N.B. Evening Tuition will commence at the above-mentioned Academies, on the 1st of October, Aug. 21.

ROBERT LITTLE,

Informa his friends and the public in general, that he has for sale, at No. 5 Beekman-Slip, the best of London Brown Stout, and Porter, Philadelphia Porter warranted to keep in any climate; New-York Porter; Newark bottled Cider &c. Also Claret wine of a superior quality.

Cash for empty Bottles. June 19, 28

Printed & Published by JOHN HARRISSON, No. 3 Peck-Slip.

Price—One Dollar and Fifty Cents per annum.